

Indiana Legends Etc
Marion H. Gray

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

No. 2

Edited by
Herbert Halpert

INDIANA ROOM

Contents

The Folktale in the Middle West.	Stith Thompson	39
College Folklore	Mary Louise Fitton	40
Tall Tale from a Steel Town	William Hugh Jansen	41
Indiana Storyteller	Herbert Halpert	43
Family Tales of a Kentuckian	Herbert Halpert	61
Folklore Bibliography and Abbreviations		71
Folklore Book Notes		73

Bloomington, Indiana

VOLUME I

August, 1942

Price 40¢ a copy. Free to members

THE FOLKTALE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

When the first number of the Hoosier Folklore Society Bulletin was prepared, it was decided to devote the separate Bulletins to particular aspects of folklore and to begin with the folktale. At that time it seemed quite certain that the second Bulletin would deal with another field. But the tales published in the first Bulletin have aroused so much interest and have brought forward so many parallel stories that it has seemed desirable to follow up this interest before publishing other kinds of material.

At the Summer Institute of Folklore, which is being held in Indiana University from June 29 to August 22, many parallels to the stories in Bulletin No. 1 have been told. On one occasion, in fact, a whole evening was spent by Mr. John Jacob Niles in retelling Kentucky versions of these Indiana tales. Some of his retellings we are fortunate enough to be able to include in this second Bulletin.

The whole question of the folktale in those population groups of America who carry on the British tradition has received remarkably little attention in the past. Collectors and scholars have gathered together songs and ballads from all parts of the country, but if one could judge by negative evidence, he would conclude that there are no folktales from these Anglo-American groups. There have appeared very extensive collections of tales from the French in Canada, Missouri, and Louisiana; from the Spanish in New Mexico; from almost every tribe of American Indians; and from the American Negroes of all parts of the South and of the West Indies. There have been also backwoods legends of such men as Crockett, Mike Fink, Jim Bridger and other historical characters, as well as legendary constructions of the imagination, such as Paul Bunyan, the giant lumberman. But until the last ten years the regular folktale which amuses and entertains all our non-English groups in America had not been collected from such populations as those of Central Indiana and Kentucky. Professor Ralph S. Boggs of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Richard Chase of Virginia, and Mr. Herbert Halpert have recently brought together a goodly number of traditional tales which show that they have only been awaiting collection.

An examination of these stories shows that on the whole these bearers of an older British tradition preserve anecdotes and jokes rather than the longer complicated fairy tales so characteristic of the French and Spanish. Whether further search would reveal groups who still entertain themselves with the more complicated narrative, it is hard now to say. We are really surprised to find so much in the field of the anecdote, and it would not be a wonder if many of our well-known longer folktales should be found told by people who have not learned them from books but who are carrying on a tradition that goes back to European soil. We are interested in having our readers look for parallels not only to the tales which we are publishing in these Bulletins, but also to all other folktales they may know about. It seems quite certain that we are only at the beginning of our exploration of this material in Indiana and neighboring states.

COLLEGE FOLKLORE

Folklore in the form of custom and tradition is still in the making, of course, and nowhere, it seems to me, is the process more evident than on a college campus. Probably it is because a college generation is only four years long instead of 25 or 33. Certain it is that all of us who have spent more than one such generation on a campus have seen such developments as this: One fall our Dean of Women promoted the holding of an all-college picnic at Clifty Falls State Park; the next fall a student explaining to a group of freshmen the traditional activities the year would bring them, included the traditional all-college picnic! We have seen traditions created deliberately out of whole cloth: Hanover and Franklin now battle annually on the football field for the possession of a bell once on an Ohio River steamer, a trophy purchased and put up for competition by an active booster organization a few years ago, which already has the importance of a subject of long-standing rivalry in the minds of incoming students.

Numerous other activities here, as on all campuses, belong in the realm of folklore--the wearing of green caps by freshmen, the celebration of May Day by doing honor to a Queen and particularly by a May Pole dance in her honor; the lighting of bonfires before an athletic event and the ringing of a victory bell after one.

Here at Hanover we have seen certain students--and faculty members, too!--become almost legendary figures. The tale of the student who sold chances all over the campus on a Thanksgiving turkey, which by an amazing coincidence was won--and eaten!--by his own fraternity; the tale of the graduate who used to arrive in April to be in plenty of time for the boat-ride which is held in May; the tale of the lovesick senior who climbed a tree behind the girls' dormitory the better to serenade his lady love and terrified all the occupants of her wing; the story of the Dean who always knew just which girl had slipped out after hours, and would walk unerringly past all the innocent doors to knock at the one guilty one--all these and others have passed into common possession and with or without names, are handed down generation to generation, gaining in colorful detail as they go.

These are figures in Hanover legend. Others are almost universal.

Every campus has heard of the professor who never grades his papers but throws them gayly down the stairs and gives A's to those which come to rest on the top step, B's to those on the second, and so on.

Every campus has a tale about an imaginary student whose name turned up through some mistake on a class roll and whose existence was prolonged as long as possible by his gleeful colleagues.

Over and over we hear of the professor who put an A grade on a freshman theme with this comment, "When I wrote this theme when I was a freshman, it only received a C and I always have thought it worth an A," and of the student who graduated with the proud boast that he had never taken a class before ten o'clock or above the ground floor!

Did these people ever live? Did these events ever happen? Well, if Cinderella lived, perhaps they did, too, and if it ever really happened that "A certain king in a distant land had three sons," perhaps one of them grew up to be the original absent-minded professor.

Hanover College
Hanover, Indiana

Mary Louise Fitton

(Read by Miss Fitton before the Hoosier Folklore Society at its meeting April 26, 1941, at Hanover. Except for this section, the original paper has since appeared in the Society of Indiana Pioneers' Yearbook, 1941, p. 17-26, with the title, "Hanover College Has Hoosier Folklore Background." This short paper is extremely worth while since it suggests new lines of thought and collecting. Indeed, Miss Fitton's last sentence prompts us to add: Send the Bulletin you school's "absent-minded professor" stories! --The Editor.)

TALL TALE FROM A STEEL TOWN
(The Wonderful Hunt)

Of the many nationalities found in East Chicago, Indiana, an outstanding one is that composed of Southerners, Southwesterners, and Westerners. These are steel-workers, but for the most part construction men rather than mill workers. They are riveters, welders, boilermakers, and tankbuilders, and members of many lesser known trades--chippers, caulkers, heaters, and buckers up. Reddened or tanned by much outdoor work, they are a hearty and robust people, greatly given to the nomadic life of trailer camps and the open road that leads from one construction job to another. Properly tapped, this group should yield as rich a lore as any that comes from other groups such as the lumberjacks or river-boatmen. The little that I know of the tankbuilders' lore leads me to expect that it will be full of very robust humor, marked by first-person narration, and bubbling over with hyperbole.

The following tale was told to the collector by Mr. Hubert Smith, an erstwhile tankbuilder and now field estimator for the Graver Tank and Manufacturing Company of East Chicago. According to him, he heard it so long ago that he doesn't remember where he heard it. It is a tale that tankbuilders cannot claim as exclusively their own, for the collector's own mother heard it long ago in Connecticut with only one essential change--a bear taking the place of that rattlesnake. The tale has all the ingredients of the tall tale so popular among any such group. As I have found to my own regret, it is one which requires considerable dramatic skill in its telling. The bit of stage business with which the story ends had been very carefully prepared for before the story began.

Now I'll tell you an experience of mine. We were in the North country, and it was a cold winter. Our supplies were getting low. In fact, we were out of everything, and I was sent out to get some food. I had an old fashioned double-barreled shotgun, one of those muzzle-loaders that carry a ramrod in a slot between the two barrels. I was hunting through the woods along the edge of a river looking for anything that I could shoot because we were getting hungry.

Suddenly I heard a sound to my right and down the river, and there were twenty-seven ducks flying in--twenty-seven, I counted them. I was just about to lift my gun and let them have it, when I heard a sound to my left and up the river. There were about seventy geese coming in--about seventy, too many to count. It didn't take me long to decide on the geese; there were more of them and there's more meat on a goose. So I was just about to fire on them when I heard a noise behind me. I turned around, and there was a great big rattlesnake--the biggest rattler you ever saw.

Well, I didn't know what to do. If I shot the rattler, those ducks and geese wouldn't stay around and I might not see any more game that day. But I didn't have any choice: the rattler was all coiled ready to strike. I was so mad I let him have both barrels at the same time. That was more than the old gun could stand. The right barrel twisted around and got about ten of the geese. The left barrel twisted off and killed half of the ducks. And the ramrod shot out straight forward and took the head clean off the rattler. But that's not all. The force of the explosion threw me backwards into a double somersault right into the river, and you know when I came out, my boots were full of fish, my coat was full of fish, my shirt was full of fish, fish were everywhere. Why they were even inside my vest--so many of them that they broke off the top button. See, it's still gone! I never had it sewed back on.

(For other references on The Wonderful Hunt see this Bulletin, pp. 20-21, 53-54. The latter has the ramrod killing the snake. Add: Boggs, JAFI XLVII (1934), 316, No. 47.G; Collins, pp. 36-40; Deaver, PTFIS VII (1928), 43; Hoosier Tall Stories, pp. 12, 16-17, 25; Parsons, MAFL XVI, 93-94; Randolph, pp. 143-45. For motif X 921.5, Catching fish in boots while wading, add: Beck, p. 283; Korson, p. 72.)

Indiana University Extension Center
East Chicago, Indiana

William Hugh Jansen

This issue of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin has been prepared in time for distribution at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Society held at Indiana University, Saturday, August 15, 1942, on the invitation of the Summer Institute of Folklore. The editor thanks Prof. Stith Thompson who checked the tale motifs, Miss Violetta Maloney who gave valued editorial assistance, and Mrs. Ross Hickam who typed the Niles stories. He again wishes to make his acknowledgments to Indiana University and to the American Council of Learned Societies for fellowships he has held while preparing this number.

INDIANA STORYTELLER

Occasionally the folklorist discovers an informant who is an artist. Jim Pennington, of Bloomington, Indiana, is easily one of the three best storytellers I have ever recorded. He is forty-four years old, and is the leasee of a flourishing gas station on the southeast corner of the Indiana University campus. As he himself says, it is "one of the best stations the company has in southern Indiana."

Professor Stith Thompson learned from Dr. Donald Smalley that Jim had been heard telling one of the well-known European folktales, and mentioned it to me. I spent several evenings a week during March, 1941, having the stories dictated to me. Despite the fact that dictation slows up a story teller's rhythm and usually loses much of the quality of the tales, these stories are extraordinarily well told. Most of them are "windies," that is, tall stories. The first one, however, transcends this and has overtones of tragedy. It should be noted that the narrator uses certain formal stylistic devices such as "Said" at the beginning of many sentences. In actual storytelling these are usually spoken without strong emphasis, in fact almost elided.

A number of the storyteller's comments were taken down between stories, and are given in this introduction. Others follow the stories themselves, in separate paragraphs preceded by dashes. They give us much interesting insight into the narrator's point of view toward his material. It should also be noted how many of the stories end with some little comment directed to the audience that helps to fit it into its immediate setting. Further comments, especially on when stories were told, and a short autobiographical sketch were secured on July 31, 1942. At that time he told another story which has been included here. What follows from this point is mainly in Jim Pennington's words, except for story titles and references in parentheses which have been supplied by the collector. Some of the collector's notes and questions are also given in parentheses.

"I've been here (Bloomington) all my life. My people came from North Carolina. I was born in Monroe County, 1898, May the second. I was just a typical country lad--and most of these stories were picked up around grocery stores--country stores, blacksmith shop, and place like that. As the rule of a evening, be a kind of collection of people get around. In the winter-time mostly. Bad weather, see? That's when people on the farm have nothing to do and gather around for company to each other, and spin yarns. I expect when I was eighteen or twenty years old, that's when I began to repeat the stories. Some guy tell a story, and then you try to top it. That's the way the old stories go.

"I'll tell you how it was. Say you get supper over, well, it's still early evening, see? That's the loneliest place in the world. That's a lonely time for a young man, and you poke off to a country village to spend a few hours before bedtime. Possibly be 10, 15, 20 boys lives around in a community, and you'll have a meeting place, which as a rule back then would be a country grocery or a blacksmith shop. They'd

go in, and everybody'd spin tales. Of course they'd be damn lies--that's all it amounted to. It's just entertainment. There's always someone in each group that's a good storyteller.

"Most stories that are told now are witty, more or less dirty stories. You hardly ever heard a dirty story back then. You'd go to one of those blacksmith's shops and most of the stories you heard then were tall stories--that's what they called them. These old stories--I don't believe there's any truth in them; just handed down. I'll tell you why I don't think it's true. You'll hear a story that's supposed to be an actual fact, and you get down to Florida and you'll hear the same story. They couldn't get around like that if they was true."

In March, 1941, Mr. Pennington commented on why he didn't know a certain witch story very well, and added some interesting remarks about storytelling.

"I never did care much about witchery stuff--I don't believe it and it just isn't funny to me. Those remarks come in but I don't know how they come in. There's two or three things you can think of but you can't get it clear. I can't just figure out the true words of that story.

"I don't think a person should add to or take away from an old story. (Why?) Just like anything else as I see it, no job's done if it's not done right. I don't feel like attempting to fill it because it could ruin the story. (How are other storytellers?) The old original storyteller he wouldn't tell a story if he couldn't tell it right. I've heard a many of a storyteller just touch a few spots of a story and say, "By God, I can't tell it--forgot it."

"You take the old storyteller that used to walk into a restaurant to tell you a story--it would take him all night to tell a story. You can't hurry one of them to save your life. (Do they tell it the same way each time?) Yes sir! There won't be many words different.

"A tall story teller isn't a liar. He's just a man with lots of imagination, and he just tells them to hear more. Most stories that are told are made out as big exaggeration as possible. Take like the old man that beat the boy home--you don't expect any sane man to believe that. You know there's--oh, all people have their peculiarities--it might be radios or telling stories, but everyone has one--I think so. I never found a man that didn't have it.

"I don't suppose there's a day that I don't hear ten or twelve nasty stories. I don't care anything for a rotten story. What's their use--you can't tell them anywhere but certain places. And there's always a possibility that there's someone standing around that doesn't care for it. I tell dirty stories--I tell lots of them. There's guys come in to hear 'em.

"I can remember damn near every word of a story if it's a story that's worth listening at. (After hearing it once?) I can almost remember word for word a conversation that I've heard--for days--but (jokingly) if my wife tells me to get a grocery order, I'll forget.

"I don't suppose these stories I've told you I've heard in twenty years. That long story, that was 1920. I don't suppose I've heard that witchery story (since) when I was ten years."

Since Mr. Niles, whose stories are given later in the Bulletin, speaks of changing his stories frequently, in July, 1942 I again asked Jim Pennington what he did. He said:

"I very seldom forget anything that I hear said."

"Do you tell them as you heard them?" I asked.

"I intend to," he said, "You may use a different word here and there."

We have the two contrasting points of view expressed by Pennington and Niles in interesting opposition: one that of the conservative folktale teller preserving a tradition as he got it; the other that of a sophisticated, professional artist-entertainer who adapts to meet his own needs the material he has gotten traditionally.

To learn where a storyteller gets his repertoire it is always advisable to make a record of his life and travels. As mentioned before, Jim Pennington dictated the sketch of his own life in July, 1942.

"I was raised on a farm. 1919 went over in Illinois and stayed a year; I was still on a farm. I was up through Ioway--still farmin'! Lumber camp, a little camp in Wisconsin--that was within a year of that time. There was three years: '18, '19, '20, that I wasn't around home much. After that I got married--and stayed home all the time.

"Most of 'em (the stories) were from around home--around this section. Some of 'em I picked up in the lumber camp in Wisconsin. You didn't get many stories in Illinois. You take most of the people over there were big farmers--they were busy people--and they didn't associate much with their help. Ioway--I don't remember I got much out of Ioway. If I did, it'd be a blizzard story--somethin' like that. Right now I don't call it to mind. Wisconsin--that was just lumber camp--all kinds of men, all kinds of stories. Get awful cold there in the winter, and if a guy didn't have enough money to shoot craps, they told lies."

(Stories begin on the following page.)

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

Bloomington, Indiana

Volume I, No. 2

August, 1942

Issued by the Hoosier Folklore Society

Officers, 1941-42

President: Herbert Halpert, Dept. of English, Indiana University

Sec.-Treas.: Mrs. Ross Hickam, 501 E. First St., Bloomington, Indiana

The Hoosier Folklore Society is affiliated with the American Folklore Society. Joint membership in these organizations is available at Four dollars a year. Members receive the Bulletin and The Journal of American Folklore. Joint membership is also open to Indiana libraries and schools. Local membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society is One dollar a year. Members receive the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin. All schools and libraries may subscribe in this way. Make money order or check payable to the Hoosier Folklore Society. Membership is by the calendar year.

1. The Boomer Who Settled Down

Can't give you this man's name that told the story for I don't remember it. I think it might've come from a circus man.

This man said that all his life he'd been a boomer--gold rushes--all sorts of booms. From one--just hike over the country. Said he was ridin' acrost the prairie--ridin' the rods of a fast freight. Said he'd ridden on this train for hours, just gazing at the blue grass and cattle. No houses or habitation of any kind had he seen. Said that they was long horns, white faces, and everything--just all kinds of cattle. He said the more he looked at this landscape of deep grass and cattle, the more he longed for a home--which he never had had. So he said for some reason the train slowed down, and he crawled off. Said he walked off into this grass and immediately seen that these cattle had never gazed upon a human being. Said he walked out for several miles--whichever way he turned, as far as the eye could see, was the same--deep grass and roving cattle. So he said right there he decided to have a home.

So he said he made him a monument and decided he would stake out so many square miles of ground--homesteading. --Didn't say how many. --So he said he walked back to the railroad track and figured he'd walk to the nearest town. 'Course he had no idee which way to go, so he just started up the track.

Well he come to a town called "The End of the Trail." Said he'd had quite a lot of gold dust in his belt, and some cash, so he made preparations to move on to his new range at once. So he did so--building a house and barn.

Said right away after he got out there, he seen that the big hardship was water. Said that he sunk two wells several hundred feet deep--one at the house and one at the barn. --Now's where the lie starts in--you remember it was the prairie.-- Said that he'd built this house right up against a tall mountain. Said after he got there for some time, he decided that he needed a wife. So he married the belle of The-End-of-the-Trail. Said he got moved out on his place--new wife, new furniture--so he said he realized his dreams of a home had really come true. No more roving.

Said every day at two o'clock as regular as the sun came up, he would have a shower of rain. And he said just back of his barn a spring came out of the mountainside, which in early mornings, any day of the year, there would be three to four inches of ice on top of this basin. That took care of everything just as well as his wife had in the city from which she come--she didn't need for ice or anything.

Said they'd lived there about two years when the electr'al storm started. Said he was out plowin' corn one afternoon in his largest field. Said he didn't suppose there was a tree in a thousand miles. Said that was one day that they missed their first shower at two o'clock. And he said a small cloud came over--he said it was just about the size of a sheepskin, so he said he knew right straight it was goin' to rain. Too far to go to the house, so he drove out under a big poplar tree that stood out in the middle of the field.

Said he was standin' gazin' over toward the house, he saw his wife come out of the door and go the the barn. Said just about that time, a bolt of lightning struck the house. Said there was just one flash of fire and the house was gone as though there'd never been one standing there. Said he saw his wife come out of the barn and look toward where her beautiful house had been. Said he saw her cover her eyes three times, shake her head and look. Said he guessed she didn't believe it was true what she was lookin' at. Said that come the nearest to breakin' his heart of anything he had ever saw in his life before.

And he said just about that time another bolt of lightning fell and struck the barn--and I presume the wife was killed but he didn't say so-. And he said it was just like the house--nothing left, not even the cornerstones. Well, he said that everything was gone that he loved--he was practically wiped out.

So about that time another bolt of lightning fell and killed his team of horses. Said he just stepped out from under that big tree, took his hat off. Said he looked up at the sky and says, "Just try old Baldy a crack." Said the lightning struck him, glanced off into the ground and knocked a hole into the ground about twenty feet deep. Said he just gave the horses a little shove and rolled them into the grave the lightning had dug.

He said about that time it struck that poplar tree. Said it run down into the roots--even burned the roots up. Said the explosion in the ground was so terrific it caused a landslide behind where the house had stood. Said just covered it all over with new soil--couldn't tell there'd been anyone there before.

Said he just looked into the setting sun and everything that had been beautiful had turned into a red haze. Said he just left that place and decided a boomer had no business trying to be anything in the world but a boomer. He didn't like the country anyhow.

-- Took an old man about a week to tell us that story--he'd tell us a little every day. He was a animal keeper for The Great White Way. It was a road show--they wintered here one year. -- It was a turrible yarn--no water--.

(This belongs in the general section Type 930--949, Tales of Fate, and seems closest to Type 947, The Man Followed by Bad Luck. See Ericson, SFQ V (1941), 115, for a man who faced lightning without flinching.)

2. The Enormous Fish

Man--his name was Smith--a little bit of a guy. He used to come up to the restaurant here in town where I worked--generally get a cup of coffee and doughnuts--somethin' like that. He must've been seventy years old. He used to tell little short ones--just jokes more'n anything else.

Said one year his wife'd been howlin' for a mess of fish--fresh caught fish. Said one evening while the horses were resting, he thought he'd run down, drop in a line, see if he could catch a mess of fish. Said he drapped that dad-burned hook in--an' hadn't hardly hit the water, somethin' nailed it. Said he throwed that fish out on the bank, and he said the dad-burned river fell two feet. (Reflectively) You know that's a pretty good fish.

(This is Type 1960 B, Motif X 1021.7, The Great Fish. For another large fish which reduced the river level two feet when it was caught see Fauset, MAFL XXIV, 72, No. 87. For other big fish stories see Beck, pp. 286-87; Thomas, pp. 56-61.)

3. The Popcorn Frost

This old man said--One time he said he had a hired hand that was supposed to know somethin' about it to plant his corn for him. Said he bought a spankin' good team of mules. Bought 'em down in the Southland, where they never have nothin' but hot weather. So he said that doggone hired hand planted popcorn instead of field corn. Said late up in the fall, the temperature got about a hundred and twenty in the shade. Said he had that team of mules hooked to a buggy--just ridin' around the place lookin' at his crops. Said he was out in the middle of a forty-acre field. He said that corn started poppin'. He said afore he'd went any distance, they was belly deep--them mules. Said them darn mules thought it was snow and froze to death before he could get 'em out of the field. Said that ended his career as a farmer. That farm was all right to look at, but that was all.

--Wonder who in the hell makes up all that stuff?

(An outline of this is given in the Indiana Guide, p. 121. Add: Boatright, p. 45; B. A. Botkin, "Paul Bunyan on the Water Pipeline," Folk-Say, 1929, p. 57; Shephard, pp. 227-28; Thomas, pp. 213-17; Thompson, p. 149; two texts from Delaware County, N. Y., in the Halpert ms.)

4. The Great Foot-Log Bridge

Heard a story one time a feller told about a herd of cattle. It's another desert story. Said he had a big herd o' cattle to deliver to a construction gang. Said they had about a hundred miles--all desert travel. Said this gang was building a railroad across the desert. Said had to be there on Tuesday at twelve o'clock; if they wasn't there, they'd lose the beef contract.

Said the night before, which was Monday night, come up a big storm. Said a big river run right against the bluff where they had to cross. Said had great high banks, a hundred foot high, and they was level full of water. The water run so fast they knowed it'd never do to try to cross.

These boys decided the only way to get across that gulch was to cut a small saplin', make a foot-log. So they put one man on each bank countin' these steers to make sure they got 'em all.

So he said the guy that checked them all on, when they come off on the other side, they was one short. So the guy was sure he sent all these steers across the foot-log, and the other guy was damn sure it didn't come off. So they heard a steer bellerin' somewhere, but they couldn't tell where it was at--sound like it was comin' out of the water.

So they got lookin' around, huntin', and they found that steer. He'd dropped in a knot-hole on the saplin' somehow, comin' across. So they got their beef there on time.

(For variants see A. Garland, "Pipeline Days and Paul Bunyan," PTFLS VII (1928), 61; Sandburg, p. 89; and compare Shephard, pp. 171-73, where a similar experience befalls Paul Bunyan's ox. This belongs to Type 1960 G, The Great Tree.)

5. The Mosquitoes And The Kettle

Up in Wisconsin feller name of Watson told it.

Negro started to deliver a kettle--his father built kettles. So this Negro was a delivery boy. The manner of conveyance was a brown mule. An' he said there was a bunch of mosquitoes come out of the swamp there powered by Diesel engines. He said this boy started to deliver a kettle one day, and those big mosquitoes sure liked Negro blood. So for protection this Negro turned the kettle down over his head.

He said those big mosquitoes come up out of the swamps, said they flew right down on that kettle. Said their stingers was just like 'lectric drills. Said several hundred hit that kettle at once. He said, by God, they got tangled up on that and couldn't get loose. Said that kettle bail got tangled up in that Negro's arms and clothes, he said--by God, they flew away with him. Said never heard of him no more.

So the family was a little superstitious, by God, and all the colored people moved out of Wisconsin, haven't been there since. Said he guessed the story was true--somebody's loss was somebody's gain. --That's all of it.

(For references to the yarn of the mosquitoes flying away with a kettle, see this Bulletin, pp. 18-19. There is a text from New York in the Halpert ms. For stories of a man being carried away by mosquitoes see Anderson, TFSB V (1939), 62; Thomas, p. 130.)

6. The Log That Was A Snake

Couple of boys went out a-huntin'. --They were night-hunting: 'possum, coon, whatever you can find. And they were waiting on the dog. --They'd been out couple of hours. Got pretty tired--said they set down

on a big log to rest. Said course they was whittlin', choppin' around on the log you know. Said, by God, they noticed they wasn't in the woods no longer. Couldn't understand it. Said kind of a queer odor; they didn't think much about it. They'd been touchin' the bottle a little--thought maybe they was drunk. So they just decided, by God, to stretch out on the log, go to sleep--sleep it off.

Said they woke up the next day about 'leven o'clock. Said the sun was shinin' hotter'n hell. Said they looked out the side, and by God, the brush and timber was just a-sailin' by. Said he thought he was crazy as hell. Said he looked down and they was still on the same log. Said their ax was still stickin' in it--moss all over it--only they was in a strange country. They'd never seen anything like it.

Said he got a-noticin' that moss, and there was blood a-comin' out of it. So he said they found out they'd just sneaked up on a big snake just a-takin' a rest--it was goin' south. Said they seen a farm house nearby and they just rolled off. Said they went up to that house and asked 'em where they was at. Said they'd travelled just a little over seventeen states in twelve hours. This old man said when they left his place they was still hunting for that snake to thank him for that trip south.

--What always worried me about that story was what happened to that dog.

--Man who told that was a fellow they called "Tiger"--never did know his name--in Wausakee, Wisconsin, in a lumber camp. That was Liars Haven. That was just a little one--they hadn't got warmed up yet. All them toppers and cutters could tell some pretty tall ones. That was 19 and 19.

(Compare Anderson TFSB V (1939), 60-61. There are several stories from Delaware County, N. Y., and Wayne County, Pa. in the Halpert ms., in which a man sits on what seems to be a log--until he puts his knife into it or knocks out his pipe on it; then the snake moves away. This belongs to the group of motifs under J 1761, Animal thought to be an object.)

7. The Fast-Growing Pumpkin And The Great Kettle

Like the two fellows met one time to see who could tell the biggest lie. They was both accused as the biggest liars in the world. So they each decided to tell a lie and had judges to make a decision.

The first man up at bat said that he was shipwrecked and said he washed out on an island. Said there wasn't a stick of timber or anything on that island. It was just very fertile soil. Nothing but grass. Said the first thing he thought about when he got on this island was to examine his pockets, see if he had anything--a match to make a fire--anything at all. But the only thing he found was a handful of punkin

seeds. Said he didn't know what in hell he done it for, but he just went out and planted 'em.

They was only one seed that grew. Said it grew up in the middle of the island just as square in the center as it could be--that punkin seed. He said it grew just like wildfire. And said on that vine there was only one punkin, and he said that grew right over the hill where the punkin vine come up--which was right square you see in the center of the island. And he said that punkin started growing out in all directions, up an' down--every direction the same. He said he didn't have a darn thing to do but watch that punkin grow. So he said, little while he begin to get worried. He seen in a short time there'd be nothin' on that island but the punkin--he'd be crowded off his island. So he said that punkin grew until it covered the island and grew out into the sea. Then he said that one day at high tide that punkin float' off. Said that naturally he was on top of the punkin--no place else to stay. So he said he used those leaves of the punkin--it still continued to grow out in the ocean--used those leaves for sails. He said it floated him into a harbor in China, and he sold that punkin for a million dollars. --That's the first liar's story.

Second liar took the stand. He said: "As all you folks know I've been away for two years." Said he'd been workin' for a big foundry in a foreign land. Said they'd built only kittles and pots, an' stuff of that sort, you know. He said the last kittle they built was the largest kittle in the whole world. It was made of solid bronze. Said that kettle was so large the men on one side of the kettle couldn't hear the men on the other side welding. And he said he got a six months lay-off since the kettle was completed--with pay.

So a man spoke up in the crowd and wanted to know what in the world they was goin' to do with that size kettle. He told him that he was goin' to cook his opponent's punkin. --So he won the celluloid cookstove.

(Where did you get it?) Lord, I don't know--some drummer, salesman, some one--just one of them stories.

(The combination of Type 1960 D, Motif X 1024, The great vegetable with Type 1960 F, Motif X 1035, The great kettle, is fairly frequent. See R. Aiken, PTFIS XII (1935), 56; Fauset, MAFL XXIV, 68; Parsons, JAFL XXX (1917), 191; Thompson, pp. 139-40; Pasquils Jests and Mother Bunches Merriments, pp. 81-82 (in Shakespeare Jest-Books, III, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, London, 1864); a New Jersey text in the Halpert ms.

Our story also involves a rapidly growing plant, Motif F 54.2. See: Fauset, MAFL XXIV, 69 (cucumber); Hoosier Tall Stories, pp. 26-27 (pumpkins, turnips); Hurston, pp. 135-36 (cucumbers, corn); Parsons, JAFL XXX (1917), 190-91 (pumpkin), 191, note 1 (corn); Randolph, p. 164, (pumpkins); Sandburg, p. 88 (corn); Shephard, pp. 133-42 (corn).

8. Toothpick Timber

A man was walkin' along the road. He was out tryin' to borrow money to build him a house. Said he was walkin' along a country road-side with a toothpick in his mouth. Heard a little buzzin' noise over in the grass and weeds. Said, was a peculiar noise, he'd never heard one like it. Said he just bent over to look in the grass to see what the noise was. Nine foot rattler struck at him. Said just hit the end of that toothpick.

Said that toothpick begin to swell up and within thirty minutes the road was covered with a log. Said if he'd been a drinkin' man, he'd a-thought he was drunk. The log was so big they couldn't get it to a mill, and they just moved a mill to the log. Had that cut up into frame stuff and weather-boardin'. Built a twelve room house.

But said he knowed it was too good to be true. Said when he got this house completed, it was the finest house in the whole county. But he made one bad mistake, which could not be corrected in any way. --Can you guess what that mistake was? --He painted the house. The turpentine and other chemicals in that paint killed all the poison, and the only thing he had left was the cornerstones.

--I heard that story in a post office in Wausaukee, Wisconsin. I never thought of that till I read it; it'd slipped my mind. I have told it lots of times but I'd forgot it till I was settin' here readin' this hoop-snake story in this (Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, p. 18). I was signing a money-order, and there's an old-like feller, near as I can remember, standin' there, and he said to the young man he was talkin' to: "Now don't you make the same mistake I did and paint that!" And then he told his experience--and the story was his experience. Now that was quite an experience, don't you think?

(This story was dictated July 31, 1942. For other references see this Bulletin pp. 18, 67.)

9. The Breathing Tree And The Big Coon Catch

An old man said one time thought he'd like to do a little coon hunting. Said he bought a dog. Said he didn't look like he'd be much account. Took him out one night a little while. Said he hadn't been out very long when he treed up a big maple.

Said he looked all over the tree and he couldn't see a thing. Said he'd just decided the dog had lied; he didn't think he had anything treed. Said he w's pretty badly disgusted--said he'd paid fifty cents for that dog. He said he just thought he'd go home.

He hadn't gone any distance when that dog got on an awful hot trail. Danged if he didn't go back and tree up that same maple. Well, he said, then he was disgusted. Said he just told this dog he was a liar. Said he'd a-killed that dog right there but he just looked so pitiful--made him think just like he was killin' a human being.

Said he thought he'd just take a short cut home. Said he just got a little way and that dog took after something again. Said danged if he didn't tree up that same maple again. Said he went back down there and that dog was just barkin' so savage that he just thought that he'd look that tree over a little better.

Said he got a-lookin' up and he seen somethin' fall. Said he walked over and picked it up, said it was the biggest coon tail he ever seen. He said he got to lookin' at that tree, and he said that that tree was so full of coons--it was holler, you see--said that when them coons all took a breath that that tree would just open up. He said every time a coon tail dropped in the crack of that tree, it just snapped it off.

Said he cut that tree down. Said there was three hundred and eighty-five coons in that tree. Said they was just wedged in there so tight, he had to use his pick axe to get 'em apart--to dig 'em out. Said he caught lots of coons in his time but that was the most successful night he ever had.

--I 'spect that's one of old man Smith's stories.

(For variants of the breathing tree see this Bulletin, pp. 14, 66. The big coon catch belongs with the stories of The Wonderful Hunt, Motif X 921. For references see this Bulletin, pp. 20-21.)

10. "Hunting Yarn"

Seems as though the guy was down to his last bullet. 'Bout everybody was starving--the whole camp was wanting something to eat, so he started out to see if he could find something to kill. The gun he carried was a muzzle-loader. While loading his gun, he accidentally left the ramrod in the barrel. He'd hunted all day--getting late and he hadn't seen a thing in the world to shoot at. So nearing home, walking 'long the side of the lake, he spied a squirrel setting on an old snag. He decided he might as well see if he could kill it--make a little soup. So he took dead aim and pulled the trigger, and the bullet hit the squirrel. The ramrod glanced off the tree and flew up into the air.

Said that thing went up so high and so fast, there w'z a bunch of wild geese flying over--four hundred and thirty-seven of them--and hit the front row of those geese. It knocked them back into the others with such force that it killed all of them. And he said that squirrel fell out of the tree onto a jack rabbit, and killed it.

Said the gun, when he fired the ramrod, kicked him so hard that he fell into a brush pile. Said he smothered a whole covey of quails to death. Said he looked up, and it was just rainin' geese.

Said he started out of that brush pile and he got tangled up in the brush so bad that he thought he'd never get out. Said right in front of him was a big diamond-backed rattlesnake. Said he thought his time had come.

Said just as that snake drew back and opened his mouth to strike him, something just zipped over his shoulder. Said, be danged it if wasn't that ramrod fell out of the sky into the rattlesnake's mouth and just choked him to death. Said he called that a pretty good day's hunting for one bullet. Said he bagged four hundred thirty-seven wild geese, one squirrel and one jack rabbit, and a whole covey of quails, but he said the proudest thing he was of the hat band he made out of the rattlesnake's hide.

--That guy didn't have no luck at tall, you know?

(For variants and some references to The Wonderful Hunt, see this Bulletin, pp. 20-21. For the ramrod-killing of a rattlesnake see Puckett, p. 51. Compare also Thomas, pp. 96-98; Parsons, MAFL XVI, 93; this Bulletin, pp. 41-42.)

11. No Time To Lie

I don't know which it was. They used to be the biggest wind story tellers in the county. I just heard their stories. I never knew either of the men. Always when they would come into a crowd, they was asked to give the best story--"Give us your best."

So he come riding into a little town out here somewhere in Brown County. So the boys said, "Come on, Dave, give us your best." He said, "No, boys, I haven't got time," he said. "My old neighbor Jones just got bad hurt. I'm goin' into town. I don't know what I'm goin' to take back--the doctor or the undertaker."

So the village blacksmith just closed up. Thought he'd go down--see if he could be of any assistance. Asked the wife how the husband was. Said she guessed he was all right--he was out on the hillside cradlin' wheat.

--That isn't a very good story--the man was in a hurry. It was the biggest one he could tell in the time he had. (The narrator pretended to disparage the story, and then grinned broadly.)

(For two variants of this tale from other Indiana counties, see this Bulletin, p. 13. Add: Hoosier Tall Stories, p. 9.)

12. Sheep Thief In The Graveyard

The story as it went--I didn't tell it very complete the other day. To get that story right:

There was a young man in a locality and he was recognized as the town's half wit. And he'd been present at a burial of a man that was wrapped in very fine muslin. So he uh--he decided he wanted this muslin to make him a nightshirt. So he goes out and hunts up a pal you know--I suppose of the same caliber. So they struck up a bargain. This partner says, "I will help you get your muslin if you will help me get a sheep."

So they went to the graveyard and proceeded to dig up the body. So they got the body about dug up where he decided he could finish the job while he went across the fence and stole his sheep.

Well in the meantime the boy got his muslin off but he didn't go to the trouble to fill back the grave. So he decides while he's waiting he'll just crack him a few hickory nuts. So there was a farmer was livin' nearby was an invalid--had been for years. His hired man went to turn the horses into the pasture near the graveyard. Well naturally he saw this pile of dirt and heard the man crackin' hickory nuts. 'Course he immediately run home and told his boss that the devil done come. That they were dividin' up the dead and the devil was snappin' the bones of the part that he got.* The farmer told him, says, "You're crazy." Told him, says, "Get on my back. I'll take you over and show you I'm not lyin' to you." So he took the boss on his back--and carried him out to the graveyard. The man that stole the muslin saw this boy coming with the boss on his back. Naturally he thought it was the fellow with the sheep. So he spoke in a very guarded tone, says, "Give him here, I'll take him." So the old man hopped off the boy's back and beat him home.

After that the old man refused to lay down or set down for fear if he did either he'd never be able to walk again. --He was all right but afraid to set down.

--Of course you know that's a helluva damn lie, but a lot of people claimed that was a fact. But it just couldn't be true and I never did believe it was true. I think most of that stuff's told for--oh different purposes. There's somethin' like that started it, but oh, it's just like a rock rollin' down the hill in the snow. Each time it gets bigger. (Where was this told?) In Kankakee, Illinois, somewheres. Obediah Ray told that story. He's been dead, I expect, twenty-five years--maybe longer'n that. Let's see--I was seventeen, eighteen years old when I heard it. I'm forty-three now. I might have been younger. O course that isn't the actual way that story was told. It's just the spots as I remember it.

*Narrator interrupted himself to ask, "Why in hell do you want a damn windy like that?" (This was the first story dictated by Mr. Pennington.)

Obediah was a guy, was a boomer. Was a water witcher, a plasterer--just jack of all trades. That's where he told me about it. My uncle, seems like, told the same tale. He lived here (Bloomington) at that time. That's some time my young kid days. He (Obediah) said that that happened when he was a small boy. I think if they buried them like that it had to be way back yonder.

When Obediah Ray told that story to us boys, we was goin' out to a graveyard to scare some kid that had to pass a graveyard. I always took it that he just gave us somethin' to think about. Some o' them old drifters could really give good advice.

The stories you hear nowadays aren't good stories--fit to be told. They aren't like the old stories.

(For another version of this story see this Bulletin, p. 24, and compare with the following story.)

13. You Take This One And I'll Take That One

I don't know where I heard this story or whether I can tell it or not. It's a pretty good story.

Couple boys went fishing. They caught quite a string of fish--strung 'em all on one string. So the boys after they was through fishing, neither of them was supersitious, so they took a short cut through the graveyard home. So, when they got to the end of the graveyard, that was the forks of the road--they had to separate there. So they neither one bein' able to count, when they got ready to divide the fish they had a crude method by which they divided 'em. So there was a colored boy on his way home heard a conversation goin' on behind a gravestone. So he decides to listen.

So the boys they had their fish up on a big tombstone. They'd say, "You take this one, and I'll take that one." So during the dividing they let a pretty slippery fish fall off and slip behind the stone. So they went on with their process of dividing. He says, "Now you take this one and I'll take that one; you take the one hiding behind the gravestone, and we'll have them all."

So when they went behind the gravestone to get the last fish, they found a hysterical Negro, who said: "Mr. Good Man and Mr. Bad Man (which I suppose he thought was the Devil and the Lord) if you'll turn me loose and not take me with ye like you have the rest of them poor devils, this nigger'll never eavesdrop no more!" --So that goes a lesson to you, by God, if you're an eavesdropper. (Informant nodded to me. Last remark was directed to me with a pretended seriousness.)

--I've know that story for years.

(This is a variant of the story of dividing nuts in the graveyard. See this Bulletin, p. 25, and compare with the preceding related story, "The Sheep Thief in the Graveyard.")

14. Big Traid And Little Traid

There's a little story that was told by Grandpa Carter. He come from Pennsylvania and he told this story for the truth--and I expect it is--it's possible.

Seemed as though this old man had several servants workin' for him--I forget his name. He had one Negro that was a swell worker but he run around all night. He'd leave as soon as his work was over and never get back till the wee hours of morning. They did everything in the world to keep this Negro from chasing around. So he worked out a plan where he thought he could scare this Negro out of the dark--bein' out you know.

This employer had some pets--a pet monkey which he was fondest of all his pets. This monkey's possibly what queered the deal. This man he decided to go out and hide in a graveyard dressed in white--which he did several nights before the Negro came along.

So one moonlight night, he heard the Negro comin' along whistling. So he immediately put on his robe and stepped out to saunter down towards the Negro. He heard a slight noise behind him. Naturally he looked back--and in a very peculiar gait there was another white object following him. He paused to look at it and raised up his hood so he could see. The other did the same. So he thought that he'd walk just a little faster. The other did likewise--until this walk became a run. And he reached home just a few steps ahead of the ghost that was following him. He immediately jerked off his robe so as not to startle his family. The other ghost did the same--which was his pet monkey.

By this time the Negro had come up and he says, "Big Traid's scared of Little Traid--no work for boss man no more"--as he thought both of them, monkey and man, were ghosts.

--Now that is supposed to be a fact. Grandpa Carter told that story.

(This belongs to a series of stories, usually about being frightened in a cemetery. No type number has been assigned as yet, but it is related to Motif K 1682, Disguised trickster beaten by man he is trying to frighten. Grace P. Smith has very interestingly studied the European relations of this tale in SFQ VI (1942), 89-94. There are two misprints in her citation of references: Puckett should be p. 131, and the correct Ontario reference is to Waugh, JAFL XXXI (1918), p. 81. Add: Smiley, JAFL XXXII (1919), 359-60 (Va.); Fauset, JAFL XL (1927), 269-70 (La.); ibid., XLI (1928), 549-50 (Pa.); Boggs, JAFL XLVII (1934), 318 (N. C.); Brewster, FL L (1939), 300-01 (Ind.). It is worth noting that in the New Jersey texts in the Halpert ms. there is also the insistence that the tale was an actual occurrence.)

15. Racing A Ghost

(I inquired about the story in which a man races with a ghost.)

I've heard it---but can't remember it. --He just paused. Voice by the side of him said, "Damn good race we had!" And he said, "Well if you think that a good one, watch this one!"

(Although this text is fragmentary, the climax is a popular one. See: Boggs, JAFL XLVII (1934), 318; Fauset, MAFL XXIV, 85; Fauset, JAFL XL (1927), 259; Parsons, MAFL XVI, 71-72, variant 1; Parsons, JAFL XXX (1917), 195. There are many other stories of running from ghosts, talking animals, and talking objects. Such humor about fleeing is closest to Motif J 1483.1.)

16. Died Of Fear

There was what is known as an old haig lived in a neighborhood. She was strictly left alone by everybody. One of her little shopping trips into the village near where she lived, she was accompanied by a very beautiful golden haired girl. Nobody ever knew where the girl came from, who she was, or anything. Nobody cared to ask. Consequently this girl grew up into womanhood with no friends. The old woman that she lived with was supposed to be what was known in those days as a witch. So this girl's life, as far as the young folks of the town, was very unhappy. They spurned her even though she was as well dressed and by far the best looking girl in the community anyway.

They was a young man from the east come in and bought a neighboring farm to the haig's property. And seems as though he was a very wealthy young man---lots of stock and everything. So there was some sort of a social going on in this time, and he invited this darter to attend this social with him. Of course then she told him that she was an outcast, that her foster mother was looked upon as a witch, and that if she went with him that would ruin him socially. Course she went ahead and defended the woman---said she was a very fine woman---and she refused to attend the social with him.

But as time went on, the more he saw this girl the more he desired her for a wife, and they become engaged. But right away after they become engaged, he begin to have all sorts of trouble---stock dying, wells going dry, just everything. Had a very fine stallion that become ill. So he called in the wise man of the country that knew all about horses. He told him they was nothin' they could do for him---that some witch had tied this horse's guts into knots.

So the community told him that he couldn't expect anything else as long as he associated with this girl; that this girl was the living for this witch---that this witch lived off the young one's vitality. Neither could live without the other because they was the same as one---this girl was the witch's youthfulness. So he went to this old woman and begged her to release him from her power. And she told him that

he had a disease that no one could cure but himself, and if he was goin' to let the low-bred people of this community sow that seed in his brain, he would have to suffer the consequences, even in hell.

So then the girl she begin to mistrust the old woman. Nothin' the old woman could do could persuade her that she was wrong. She told her if she would stoop so low as to believe the talk of the neighborhood, to go out to this graveyard--to some unknown grave she knew nothing about--stick a fork in an unknown grave, and possibly her lover would come back to her.

But when she stuck this fork into the grave--naturally she bent down--it caught the hem of her dress. She didn't know she'd done that. She was scared to death anyway, being out in the night, and she started to run away from the grave. So this fork of course held her to a certain extent, and she thought one of the witches had her--and she died on the spot.

--I don't know if it was old lady Baxter told that story, or old Miss May; they told the ghost stories down there. I never thought much of it as a yarn--lot of silly imagination I reckon.

(All but the last paragraph of the preceding story was told March 10, 1941. On March 5, Mr. Pennington had tried to tell the story. I give here what he recalled at that time.)

There used to be a story you heard but that's just all I remember. Seems that this girl and her man she was engaged to had split up. He 'cused her of bein' bewitched. And this old haig was s'posed to be a woman could cast out devils--told her if she'd go out into a graveyard at a certain hour of the night, and take a table fork and stick it into this grave, that she would no longer be bewitched, and that her lover would come back to her. It was a certain grave in that graveyard she had to do this. (Continues as in last paragraph of preceding story.)

--That's the high spots of the story. I've heard it time after time. That's been when I was a kid. It was just one of them stories. Might've been told at one of them schools. Those witchery stories, they're none of them funny, all of them weird.

(For a story of a witch who causes trouble for a man who wants to marry her daughter, see FL XV (1904), 82-83. For variants of the story of dying of fear in the graveyard, see Boggs, JAFL XLVII (1934), 295-96; Fauset, JAFL XLI (1928), 548; Neely and Spargo, pp. 64-67; South Carolina Folk Tales, pp. 103-4; FL XI (1900), 346. It belongs with the motifs on Extraordinary physical reactions of persons, near F 1041.8. The idea of the girl as the source of vitality for the witch is very unusual, and certainly quite rare in the English-speaking tradition.)

17. The Witch-Cat Woman

It seems as though there was an old 'bondend house and it was supposedly haunted by witches. Naturally it soon become a rumor that anyone that would stay in that house over night would be killed. And there was several people killed, and there was others that would go--of an adventurous type--but would fall asleep or something, and in some cases would wake up in their own bed at home.

There was an old soldier had a wooden leg--had been a soldier all his life until he become too old. Always laughed at the idee of haunts until some society lady dared him to stay all night at this house. So he went to the house and took a ham o' meat, a jug o' rum, a sword, and a Bible. So he hung this ham o' meat in one part of the room. Then he put a big board up to the transom over the door, and he made it a walk-way in and out--inside the house and out. He locked all the doors, and pulled all the shades. Then he sets down to read his Bible and wait.

So he'd been there till about ten o'clock, when he heard a scratching on the board on the outside--leading into the transom you see. So he bade it to come in. It was a large fat cat--very fine cat. He took out his sword and cut off a slice of meat, but the cat refused to eat the meat. But he asked it to be seated, and it did walk over to a chair and sit down as though it were a person. And that went on until nine cats had come. All, politely as though they were persons, refused to take a slice of the meat.

Sometime later in the night the tenth cat come in. When this cat come in, all the others become uneasy, and begin to move about on their chairs. He offered this cat a slice of meat. She refused, and spit at him. Then he told her she wasn't a nice girl, and she struck at him. And he just whacked off her left leg, the one she struck at him with. He picked up this paw, and it had a beautiful ring on it--which he recognized immediately as belonging to the lady that had bantered him into staying all night at the haunted house. --That's all.

The next day when he called on all the people--he figured he knew them all--the cats were women in the form of cats-- and as he looked at the cats when they came in, he decided he knew them all by their actions.--There was a space there of the cats getting out of the room, that I've forgotten. --But anyway the next day he decided to call upon the people that he thought were present in the form of cats the night before, and accuse them all of attempted murder.

One of the women he couldn't see--she wouldn't see him. The tenth one he couldn't see. So he said if he couldn't see the mistress of the house, he'd like to return her ring--which he did. When he reached into his pocket, instead of a cat's foot in his pocket, he had a ring on a finger. It was the society lady that bantered him to stay in the haunted house.

It's mixed up--I don't remember another damn bit--and I can't get it in my mind. There was something about a trail of blood or something. I don't know when the cats left. Seems like there's something about shaking hands. Seems as though this man at church--they started to shake hands and they held a hand behind, and he said, "No, I don't shake hands that way" --something there about leavin' the place.

I can't remember what the outcome--. Seems as though she screamed in a woman's voice. Anyway he drunk the rest of his rum that night.

I tried to piece it together--but oh, a fellow could do that but it wouldn't be the story. I s'pose I coulda built that up, but it wouldn't be right I know.

I never did care much about witchery stuff--I don't believe it and it just isn't funny to me. These remarks come in, but I don't know how they come in. There's two or three things you can think of, but you can't get it clear. I can't just figure out the true words of that story.

(This is Motif G 252, Witch in form of cat has hand cut off; also compare Motif D 702.1.1, Cat's paw cut off: woman's hand missing. The editor was unfortunately unable to refer to what is probably a very full list of references by Archer Taylor in Modern Philology, XVII, 59, note 8. Gardner, p. 74, gives a text and in note 139 a long list of references. To these add: Randolph, pp. 37-38; Wilson, Folk-Say, 1930, pp. 166-67; PTFIS VII (1928), 132-34, and XI (1933), 96; JAFI VII (1894), 115; XII (1899), 68; XXII (1909), 251-52; XXXV (1922), 283-84; XXXVIII (1925), 354-55; XLVII (1934), 296; LI (1938), 52. Also compare: FL XXXVII (1926), 166; Folk-Lore Journal, I (1883), 53-54.)

Indiana University

Herbert Halpert

FAMILY TALES OF A KENTUCKIAN

Mr. John Jacob Niles, well-known Kentuckian folksong collector and concert artist, was a guest lecturer for two weeks in July, 1942, at the Summer Institute of Folklore at Indiana University. He was kind enough to dictate to the editor the interview and the stories which follow. They were secured in two separate sessions, several days after Mr. Niles first told the stories, as he explains, to one of the Institute classes. Those who heard them at that time will be interested to note the differences between the two renditions, and to have Mr. Niles' explanation of why he does not have one fixed form for the stories. The editor has supplied only titles and notes and the pleasant labor of taking them down. The material which follows is in Mr. Niles' own words. NOTE: These tales may not be reprinted without the express permission of Mr. Niles and of the Hoosier Folklore Society.

"I have been actively engaged in the enterprise of writing down folksong, folk carol, folk ballad, and folk nursery rhymes for the last thirty-six years. I have been performing them to continental and American audiences since 1927. I am a complete amateur in the field of folktales, and really am more of a teller of folktales--not a collector at all. In fact, people have said my life is becoming a folk legend.

"When I came to the Folklore Institute at Indiana University this summer, I encountered the very interesting first number of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin. On studying this delightful publication I realized at once I'd been telling Kentucky and family versions of the same tales as long as I have been able to tell anything. I offered to tell these tales to Dr. Stith Thompson's class on The Introduction to Folklore, and was delighted to discover that even educated folklorists were interested in these rambling Kentucky variants. It was only one step from Dr. Thompson's classroom to the pages of this Bulletin.

"I tell these stories continually. They're a part of our regular daily life at home, and I am called upon by visitors to repeat them over and over again. Whenever my three brothers and I get together, these stories are sure to be told, and particularly the ones concerning my father. And after all these years of re-telling, we laugh at them as heartily as ever--as if they were brand-fresh tales. They grew like Topsy--all of a sudden we would find ourselves repeating a yarn, and after a while the form of the story would become crystallized--and presently it would be an admitted portion of the family saga.

"Father's stories concerned carpenters and politicians and jail-houses and the sheriff's office. That was usually his locale. He delighted in outdoing bailiffs and process servers, and the legends concerning his life by his four sons today--the legend grows and grows. In fact, he is quite candidly credited with things that happened years after he died (1922). He becomes the convenient peg on which the folktale is hung--because he's the kind of fellow who, had he been handy, would certainly have done the kind of things he was credited with.

"I never tell them in quite the same way, and oftentimes tell them about different people, interpolating new names and locations. My reasons for this are hard to explain. I believe it is an attempt on my part to prevent the yarn from becoming stale to me--because, after all, if the yarn seems stale to me, I could never tell it with any enthusiasm to somebody else.

"All the boys in the Niles family take great delight in teasing their mother. This perhaps is the reason for insisting there is a relationship between my mother and the Ebenezer Leaksaps of Pulaski County. As far as I can tell, there never were any Leaksaps in Pulaski County--there may never have been a Leaksap in any county, but we put 'em in. I have been encouraged to tell these tales in foreign countries, and all over the United States of America."

1. The Dog With The Screwed-Down Nose

Now this man Ebenezer Leaksap, who is one of my mother's tore-down relatives in Pulaski County, was a great hunter. And as he grew older, he wanted to reach out into new fields and hunt bigger game. He had hunted stink cats, rabbits, squirrels, 'possums, and weasels, but at 55 he had a great yen for huntin' bears. So Ebenezer went out to hunt himself a bear-huntin' dog.

He went everywhere, all over the county. He went all over the adjoining counties lookin' for suitable dogs. None of them seemed to fit his requirements. Now don't get the idea that Ebenezer wanted a free dog. He was willin' to pay up to a dollar and a quarter for the proper animal. One of his principal requirements was strength and bravery. The next most important requirement was that the dog have large nose holes so he could smell the bear quickly.

Finally, after he had almost given up hope of findin' the proper kind of dog-animal, after the price had risen from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and fifty cents, a man at the back end of Pulaski County sent in a message that he thought he had the animal Leaksap was a-seekin'. Next morning, bright and early, Ebenezer hot-footed it over to examine this fabulous hound, and at first sight was more than delighted. The animal was obviously powerful, energetic, mean, and brave as a lion. But on close observation Ebenezer's sperrits fell. Said he, "Mister, your dog won't do. He's big enough and he looks brave enough; but he has that unfortunate failing in common with so many of his kind, namely, he has them tiny nostrils. Why, his nose-holes is so small, he couldn't smell a bear if he was in the cage with him!"

But the owner of the dog answered Ebenezer saying, "Don't decide too quickly, Mr. Leaksap. His nose-holes may look small to you now. There's a wrench goes with that dog! I've got his nose-holes screwed down for squirrel hunting!"

--Everywhere I go in the mountains the people ask for that yarn about the dog with the screwed-down nose. The bigger the yarn, the better those guys love it. There is something about all spoofing those fellows delight in.

2. A Hot Fight With A Bear

Once upon a time there was a man a-walkin' over the Sugarlands not a fur piece from Gatlinburg. He was a-walkin' along by himself. He didn't have no friend with him--he didn't have man or woman-person. As he got to that little plateau on the highest end of the Sugarlands, hit was near dark--and it was scarey. He was walkin' through a part of the woods where woodchoppers had been workin'. They'd been takin' out pitch pine to be cut up into long thin strips of kindlin' for Yankees. First they'd cut out the big trees, and then they'd quarter 'em up; and then

they'd eighth 'em, and finally split 'em down into little pieces like lead pencils and tie 'em in bundles, put 'em in freight cars, and send 'em to New Jersey--where they sold 'em for more than they were worth.

Now as this man was a-walkin' along, he looked up, and all of a suddenty there was a b'ar. Hit was a big b'ar. Hit stood as tall as a man and much wider. The man realized he was in a tetchous position. He looked at the bear and the bear looked at him--and he knew the bear didn't mean him no good.

Now this man was not carryin' a gun-rifle nor a pistol. He didn't even have a good pocket-knife. But bein' a very resourceful fellow, he reached around for a long hunk of pitch pine, and as the bear advanced on him--mouth open and claws out--he began to belabor the bear with the hunk of pitch pine. The bear fit, and the man fit. The bear clawed the man, and the man whacked the bear. To be truthful about it, the man beat on the bear so hard and so fast that he het up that piece of pitch pine so hot that the rosin melted, ran down the stick, trickled on to his arm, found its way down to his elbow--and drapped off onto the ground.

--I always thought the story never ended properly; you never know what happened to the bear. I heard it in Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

(This lying tale is interesting for its careful building up to an anti-climax.)

3. The Fish In The Stable

That story was told to me by Dr. Funkhouser of University of Kentucky. These two men--Dr. Funkhouser had been tryin' to get 'em to help him dig up some Indian relics--and they'd been pretty lazy about it. And they turned about to tease the good professor with a tale about their fishin'. They said:

One of 'em would say, "Oh, the fishin' down here's wonderful." Other would say, "Yep, that's right." "Not very long ago I threw my bait over the side and a fish come along, took bait, hook, line, sinker, pole and all--and just went away with it." The other fellow'd say, "Yep, that's right." "A little while later we was out here fishin' one day, and we took in ten Mississippi spoonbills--they weighed 40 pound apiece--nearly swamped the boat." And the other feller says, "Yep, that's right." Said, "About three months ago I caught a catfish nine feet long. Had great big brown eyes--just as pretty as you please." The other fellow says, "Yep, that's right." The feller said, "I was gonna whack him on the head with a boathook, but he looked at me so pathetic-like I couldn't do it." Other fellow said, "Yep, that's right." "So I just made a little harness out of some strings I had here in the boat, and I drove him right up on to the bank, and into the stall beside my cow. And I just fed that fish on hay." And the other old fellow says, "That's right."

And he turned to his friend and said, "How long did I have that fish in my barn feedin' him on hay?" "Why," he said, "must've been five or six weeks--et a power of good hay." He said, "I finally thought I'd breed that fish to my big jack, but my wife objected to it." And his friend says, "Why, you know that's a damned lie! You can't make the professor and myself believe anything like that!"

(This fits under Motif X 905, Lying Contests. For stories of harnessing big fish see Ericson, SFQ V (1941), 115; N.J. Guide, p. 129; Thomas, pp. 59-61. Compare also this Bulletin, p. 16. Add: Hoosier Tall Stories, pp. 11-12.)

4. Shingling On Fog

Father told it in his lifetime. He had this excellent carpenter, and particularly was he skilled at shingling roofs. He could handle a shingle-preacher more accurately and more rapidly than anyone in the community. --The preacher is a tool for locating the next row of shingles. --One morning they were shingling up to the comb of the roof--the ridge--and they wanted to get it done before lunch time. And father encouraged this carpenter to move along a little faster so they could eat lunch.

About that time up come a fog. Hit was the pure-thickest fog they'd seen in that country in years. Father was standing on the ground waiting and wondering what had happened to his roof shingler. He knew he had only a few more shingles to lay. He kept hearing him drive and drive and drive, and he wondered what had happened. He called up to him and said, "Pete, what are you up to?" Well, he said, "Mr. Niles, I'm a-shinglin'." Father looked up and thought he saw the body of the carpenter right over his head layin' shingles. Father got himself a ladder and climbed up to see what had happened. On arriving at the edge of the roof he realized the fog was so thick that his prized shingler had shingled sixteen feet of the fog.

(For variants see Hoosier Tall Stories, pp. 7-8; C. Carner, Listen For A Lonesome Drum, p. 379; Sandburg, p. 88; Shephard, p. 183; Thomas, p. 63; Thompson, pp. 134, 272; and from Delaware County, N. Y., in Halpert ms.)

5. The Dangerous Mosquitoes

A legend we hear around Reelfoot Lake in southwest Kentucky and northwest Tennessee--the state line runs through the middle of the lake.

Mosquitoes down there are so big that they are said to fly away with small children occasionally. They got so bad one year about the turn of the century that a smart young feller from Sewanee came over there--a "bugologist" they called him--and he crossed the big mosquitoes with lightning bugs as a protection for the people who lived on the perimeter

of the lake. In this way the human-person could see the big mosquito comin' with his tail all lit up, and get himself a two-handed hickory club and protect himself.

(Huge insects belong under Motif X 1021, Lie: the great animal. For a text and references on mosquitoes flying away with human beings, see this Bulletin, p. 49.)

6. Turned Out Of His Skin

That has to do with a man--he was a-huntin' for a coon to get the skin to make a hat. He just didn't happen to have his gun-rifle with him, and he happened to come on a very handsome big black coon. Now this coon was sittin' there asleep--dozin'. Every now and then this coon would open up his mouth--yawn. The man just waited, and 'long come a time when he yawned a pretty good-sized yawn, and he just rammed his hand right down the coon's throat and grabbed him by the tail and turned him inside out. The coon was very surprised, so he just shook off his skin, ran away to his winter quarters to grow another one. And the man took the skin and made himself a nice-pretty hat.

--That came from the neighborhood I am in now--Clarke County.

(For an Indiana text and references to turning an animal out of its skin, see this Bulletin, pp. 14-15, and Munchausen, p. 36. This text, however, has combined with a form of another Munchausen yarn, Type 1889, Motif 911.1, Man turns wolf inside out. For the latter see Munchausen, pp. 41-42 (wolf); Boggs, JAFL XLVII (1934), 316, No. 47 D (panther); Indiana Guide, p. 121 (bear); Halpert ms. from New Jersey, (bear).

7. The Breathing Tree

There's a bee tree on the side of Boone's Creek--hit's a sycymo'. Has a large hole in one side about 20 feet from the ground--hit's a large tree. Through this hole the wild bees come and go. It's a very large beehive of wild black bees--the meanest kind of bees; they'll sting the skin offa you. And they got so numerous some years ago that there wasn't room enough inside for all of 'em--some of 'em had to sit on the outside of this bee hole. When winter time came, they all managed to get inside and find room to hibernate by breathin' in rhythm. They'd exhale and inhale in such a way as not to crowd one another too much. But if you watch carefully, you could see the sides of the sycamo' bulge out when they inhaled and go back to its normal size when they exhaled.

We proposed to cut the tree down and rob the honey, but the bees are so mean nobody has the nerve to try to smoke 'em. Boone Creek is the outside edge of my land for a quarter of a mile.

(For Indiana variants and a Tennessee reference see this Bulletin, pp. 14, 52-53.)

8. The Poisonous Hoop-Snake

Pegleg Pete was walkin' along in a little swampy piece of country near Pond Creek one day--that's the southern end of Jefferson County, Kentucky--when he saw a horned hoop-snake rollin' for him. Being well informed in snake lore, he realized that this was a very dangerous moment, but he was unable to get out of the path of this vicious reptile. But his mind--cutting like a buzz saw--prompted him to take the blow of the poisonous horn on his peg-leg. The horn naturally stuck in the leg, and Pegleg destroyed the snake promptly. But the pizen was so potent that the wooden leg swelled up to enormous proportions. Pete started out by whittlin' it down to keep it within its normal size, but whittlin' was ineffectual. He finally got a hand ax and chopped away three bushels of kindlin' and two hard piney knots before the thing stopped swellin'.

--I think the piney knots are the best part of the story.

(For Indiana variants and a list of references see this Bulletin, pp. 18, 52. Add: Puckett, p. 43; Sale, pp. 55-56; M. A. Owen, Voodoo Tales, New York and London, 1893, pp. 246-53.)

9A. The Remarkable Razor

This man was set upon by a big bear. And the man habitually carried a large and very sharp razor for social purposes. The bear made a pass at the man, and the man grabbed his razor and made a pass at the bear. The bear smiled and said, "You think you did me some harm, don't you?" The man said, "I did do you some harm, but you won't know how much harm until you go to move your head!"

--The sneeze is also used in some cases: "Until you go to sneeze." I've known it ever since I was a small child. That's Jefferson County, Kentucky.

9B. The Remarkable Razor

A Negro soldier is combatting a German soldier in the first World War. The German soldier is fighting with a bayonet and the American Negro soldier is fighting with a razor. The German makes a pass at the Negro and misses him. The Negro makes a pass at the German, and the German laughs. He says, "Ha! Ha! You missed me, didn't you?" And the Negro says, "You think I missed, don't you? But your jugular vein knows better. Just wait till you try to turn your head."

--That was current in the A.E.F.--everybody knows it. He sometimes uses a bolo instead of a razor, and sometimes instead of turning his head, he says, "Just wait till you sneeze."

(Compare these stories with The Disastrous Sneeze, this Bulletin, p. 22.)

10. "I'm The Biggest Liar"

The season is July--early August. Two men meet on the road. One of 'em is obviously a local farmer named Charley. The other one is a dressed-up sort of a fellow who is very inquisitive. On being encouraged, the farmer begins to talk bit about his ability as a hunter. The dressed-up one says, "Well, so you are a great hunter, are you?" The farmer says, "I see you don't know me! I'm the greatest partridge hunter in all these parts." The other man says, "Yes? How many partridges did you get?" "Oh," he says, "I shot thirty-six yesterday morning."

The dressed-up one says, "Do you know exactly who I am?" The farmer says, "No." The dressed-up one says, "I am the state game warden." Says the farmer, "In that case, Mister, I am the goddamdest liar in Clarke County."

--It must be remembered that partridges are out of season in August.

(For a text and references see this Bulletin, p. 22. Add: Hoosier Tall Stories, pp. 10-11.)

11. "Daddy's Got A Hat On"

Man come along, says, "Little Ben, where's your daddy?" Says, "Daddy's in the hog yard a-feedin'. You can tell him, 'cause he's got a hat on."

--That's been known since the beginning of time as far as we're concerned.

(This would belong to the motifs on the humor of ugliness, between X 130 and X 200.)

12. Owl's Hoot Misunderstood

My brother was walkin' through the forest long after dark--rather a small boy, he was. All of a sudden someone said (this is said rapidly) "Who! Who! Who are you?" The little boy kneels down and says, "Good Lord, I didn't do it. It's only little Leland Niles."

--He tells it on himself. My mother tells it on him, too.

(This belongs under Motif J 1811.1, Owl's hoot misunderstood. Although this might seem like a purely local tale, there are New Jersey and Pennsylvania variants in the Halpert ms. Compare the story and references on p. 28 of this Bulletin.)

13. The Corn And The Crows

It has to do with a very rich man, who was a great miser, who had a powerful yield of corn one year and no one else in the neighborhood had any, and he wouldn't give his neighbors any corn to make their bread. He made a powerful corn-crib to keep his corn in, and it was good and solid with the exception of one small hole which passed unnoticed. A crow found this small hole in the corn-crib, and brought his friends and his friends' friends, too, and carried away the miser's corn, a grain at a time, till there was nothin' left but cobs. --This is what comes of bein' a miser.

--I think it's my mother's story. It's told for the moral's sake.

(This apologue seems to be related to the Endless tales in which corn is taken away a grain at a time. See this Bulletin, pp. 33-34. Add: Lanctot, JAFL XLIV (1931), 262; Lambert, Barbeau, Daviault, JAFL LIII (1940), 157.)

14. The Ring On The Corpse

This concerns the World War No. 1. Young man and young woman in love with one another decide to get married at the end of the war. Some time during the summer of 1918 the War Department announces the death of the young man--killed on the battlefield of Chateau Thierry. There is great grieving. The young woman is not consolable.

Some time in December of 1918, to the great delight and consternation of the family, the young man appears. His reported death seemed to have been an error. The young woman is in a transport of delight. The families hold a great feast. There is drinking and dancing, and the marriage is planned for the next day. As the young man leaves that night, she gives him a ring which he put on the little finger of his right hand.

The next day dawns, marriage guests arrive, but the groom is missing. In fact, he is never seen again.

Some time in April of 1919, the Graves Registration Bureau of the United States Army writes the parents of the young man, and announces the fact that his body will arrive in Louisville, Kentucky some time in the next week. His body does arrive, but before it is finally interred, the coffin is opened, and the ring is found on the little finger of the young man's right hand.

--I think that's one of the most tragic and at the same time dramatic things I've encountered in all my days. It began to appear, as far as I can tell, about 1935 and '6 in Kentucky. I've heard it

applied to Clarke, Jefferson, and Fayette counties. It's a version of The Suffolk Miracle, Child Ballad No. 272 A.

(This is related to Type 365, The Dead Bridegroom Carries off his Bride. See Motifs E 215, E 361, etc.)

15. The Mysterious Race Winner

Harrodsburg Fair at Harrodsburg, Kentucky--they have a county fair of considerable importance with horse races, and visitors come from all over the country to visit the Harrodsburg Fair. About five years ago a colored man entered a very fine trotting mare in the trottin' races. At the time the entry was made no one paid any particular attention to the mare's name.

The day of the race arrived, and the colored man with his mare and a very fancy sulky trotted out on the track for the three-heat competition. When the race was over, the colored man had won two out of three heats very nicely--without even pushin' the mare. He started off to the stables with the mare--and nothing was ever seen of either the driver or the mare again. After some weeks of waiting to pay him off his prize money, it was discovered that the mare had died fourteen years before.

--This was told me by a porter in one of the Harrodsburg hotels, and it's claimed to have happened five years ago, and twenty-five years ago, and just at the turn of the century, by different people in the community.

(This belongs under Motif E 300, Friendly return from the dead.)

16. The Witch-Deer

There was a young man was in love with a young woman down there in Jefferson County. They'd been "talkin'" for about a year, and the young man thought it was time to declare his intentions and marry up with the girl. And the girl thought so too. Well, as soon as the boy's mother realized the seriousness of the situation, she began to use all kinds of little subterfuges to prevent the boy from goin' to see the girl. The young feller, bein' a self-willed boy, went anyhow; but, on approaching the girl's house he would discover a large deer blocking the pathway, and for some time he was unable to pass the deer and visit his sweetheart.

This went on for about a month. The boy mentioned it to his friends and they told him the only thing to do was to mold a silver bullet and shoot the deer. The next night the young man did just this--shot the deer, and went calmly ahead to visit his sweetheart. On his way home he examined the body of the deer and discovered the bullet had entered the deer's neck just below the ear, and it had fallen on its right side.

On arriving home he discovered his mother lying on the kitchen floor--dead. She had a bullet hole in her neck just below the ear, and was lying on her right side.

--Invariably after telling the tale in the back country they ask you, "John, what happened? Did he marry the girl? Did they skin the deer? Did the sheriff come and get him?" --And often I have to end the tale and tell them that the sheriff came and realized the woman was at fault.

(For a witch-deer shot by a silver bullet see Neely and Spargo, pp. 102-3; Thompson, pp. 108-9. For references on witch-animals injured by a silver bullet see Gardner, p. 57, note 56. Add: Randolph, pp. 35-36; Thompson, p. 113. Many other references could be added. See Motifs G 263, D 1385.4 and G 275.)

Addenda

Mr. Niles told several other stories to Dr. Thompson's class which were not recorded for lack of time. One that has a fairly wide distribution is that of the split dog. The dog was accidentally cut in half by a thrown knife, and the halves were slapped together--unfortunately with two legs up and two down. But the dog was faster than ever, because it could then run on either pair.

The Wry-Mouthed Family, on p. 29 of the Bulletin, Mr. Niles knew but had slight variations: the young man is "a religious young man," and the final remark is "That's what comes of goin' to church three times on Sunday!"

Indiana University

Herbert Halpert

FOLKLORE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ABBREVIATIONS

In the last number of the Bulletin, pp. 34-36, the editor presented a selected bibliography. In the notes to the tales in the Bulletin several other books and articles are referred to frequently, and it seems wise to group some of them here. It is hoped that these lists will be useful as a working bibliography for those interested in the American folktale. Other lists on various topics will appear from time to time in the Bulletin. On p. 34 a statement was made that needs correction. Mr. Brewster's is the second, and not the only collection of Indiana folktales. A mimeographed WPA publication, Hoosier Tall Stories, was published in 1937, and contains variants of some of the stories that appear in these numbers of the Bulletin. The editor is trying to learn whether this pamphlet is still available for distribution.

Books and Pamphlets

- Beck, E. C., Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1942. Appendix: "Tall Tales from the North Woods," pp. 281-90.
- Collins, E. A., Folk Tales of Missouri. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House (c. 1935).
- Gardner, E. E., Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, New York. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1937. Chapter V, "Folk Tales"; Chapter III, "Witchcraft."
- Hoosier Tall Stories: Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project in Indiana. Works Progress Administration, 1937.
- Indiana Guide: Indiana, A Guide to the Hoosier State (American Guide Series). New York: Oxford University Press (c. 1941).
- Korson, G., Minstrels of the Mine Patch. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1938. Chapter II, Part 2, "Stories."
- Munchausen: The Travels of Baron Munchausen (Broadway Translations), edited by W. Rose. London and New York, n. d.
- Neely, C., and J. W. Spargo, Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois. Menasha, Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Co., 1938.
- N. J. Guide: New Jersey, A Guide To Its Present And Past (American Guide Series). New York: The Viking Press, 1939.
- Parsons, E. C., Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas. (MAFL XIII).
- Parsons, E. C., Folk-Lore of the Sea Islands, South Carolina. (MAFL XVI).
- Puckett, N. N., Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1926.
- Randolph, V., Ozark Mountain Folks. New York: The Vanguard Press (c. 1932). Chapter IX, "Windy Hilltops."
- Sale, J. B., The Tree Named John. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1929.
- South Carolina Folk Tales: Compiled by...the Writers' Program of the WPA, South Carolina. Bulletin of University of South Carolina (October, 1941). Columbia, South Carolina.

Articles

For a fuller list see the bibliography in the Boggs' article listed below. (Prof. Boggs' annual bibliographies in SFQ--and soon to appear in JAFL, are invaluable for keeping up with current folklore items. Librarians and students should consult them.)

- Anderson, G., "Tennessee Tall Tales," TFSB V (1939), 51-65.
- Bacon, A. M., and E. C. Parsons, "Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Virginia," JAFL XXXV (1922), 250-327.
- Boggs, R. S., "North Carolina White Folktales and Riddles." JAFL XLVII (1934), 289-328.
- Brewster, P. G., "Folk-Tales from Indiana and Missouri," FL L (1939), 294-310.
- Carter, I. G., "Mountain White Folk-Lore: Tales from the Southern Blue Ridge," JAFL XXXVIII (1925), 340-74.

- Fauset, A. H., "Negro Folk Tales from the South," JAFL XL (1927), 213-303.
- Fauset, A. H., "Tales and Riddles Collected in Philadelphia," JAFL XLI (1928), 529-57.
- Parsons, E. C., "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina," JAFL XXX (1917), 168-200.
- Smiley, P., "Folk-Lore from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida," JAFL XXXII (1919), 357-83.
- Smith, G. P., "Folklore from 'Egypt'," JAFL LIV (1941), 48-59.
- Waugh, F. W., "Canadian Folk-Lore from Ontario," JAFL XXXI (1918), 4-82. (See pp. 78-82.)
- Wilson, E. M., "Some Humorous English Folk Tales," FL XLIX (1938), 182-92, 277-86.
- Zunzer, H., "A New Mexican Village," JAFL XLVIII (1938), 125-78.

--(article list to be continued)

FOLKLORE BOOK NOTES

These book notes call attention to some folklore items which might be overlooked because of their place or form of publication. In recent years several excellent collections have either been privately printed or appeared in some University series. Often they are not known by the book trade. In the bibliography immediately preceding these notes are two cases in point: Hoosier Tall Stories, and South Carolina Folk Tales, both well worth securing and meant either for free distribution or to be had at a very low price.

Another fine group, and one that should be of especial interest to music and recreation teachers, consists of the pamphlets published by the Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio. All are copyrighted, and although two are not marked, presumably all edited by Lynn Rohrbough. They are of pocket size, and apparently meant for insertion in a small loose-leaf binder. Favorite Songs and Play Party Games (c. 1940), (10¢); Play Party Games, Kit P (c. 1930, 1932); Southern Singing Games, Kit 44-R (c. 1938, 1939), (25¢); Western Play Party Games, Kit 54 (c. 1942), (25¢ each).

These little pamphlets contain many delightful play party game songs (as well as a few traditional mountain songs), mostly collected directly from oral tradition, but with a few taken from out-of-the-way printed sources. The games come from many states and are given with words, music, and directions.

A very exciting book, exciting because it shows that ballads in the folk tradition are still being made up, is Death In The Dark, A Collection of Factual Ballads of American Mine Disasters, by James Taylor Adams. Big Laurel, Va.: Adams-Mullins Press, 1941. (120 pp., cloth, \$2.00.) The texts of twenty-two ballads are presented. They are chiefly about large-scale coal mine disasters, but with some on single deaths--including one song on the murder of a union man by gun thugs. Several of the songs date from accidents as late as 1940. There is no music, but full historical notes are given by the editor. There is a fine foreword

by him in which he describes conditions in the Kentucky-Virginia coal fields as he has known them. The European tradition of the blind ballad singer is rather shockingly prevalent in the coal region. The singers are men who have become blind or crippled by accidents in the mines.

The most significant scholarly volume of American folksongs to appear recently is that edited by H. M. Belden: Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society in the University of Missouri Studies, Volume XV, No. 1, January 1, 1940. (Published at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. 530 pp. Price \$1.25. Paper covers.) It contains nearly 300 texts, and more than 60 tunes. For this large number of songs, Prof. Belden has provided splendid headnotes. At a glance you can tell from what states in this country and from what English shires any one of this large number of songs has been reported, and refer quickly to the book or journal in which each text has appeared. This makes the book splendid for study purposes; but it is only one of its virtues. The notes analyze the type form of many of the songs and ballads. They discuss the relation of oral versions to the printed texts found in broadsides and pocket songsters, and to the songs of the minstrel stage. The ballad type analysis shows the way to a future classification of American narrative song. In the section on the folk lyric, Prof. Belden points out the possibility of arranging this chaos of fluid, shifting, complicated material under the images and symbols. There is delightful and penetrating comment on the style and tone of many songs. The book is the urbane, mature work of a great scholar and will be treasured by all students and collectors of folksong. One wonders if it is not with a slightly quizzical air that Prof. Belden ends his volume with a group of French songs--as if to remind us that even in the field of the folk-song of the native white population the English tradition is not the oldest in this country.

An excellent single collection of play party games with attractive tunes, words, and full directions for playing, comes from the Caney Fork Valley of Tennessee. L. L. McDowell, Folk Dances of Tennessee, Old Play Party Games of the Carey Fork Valley. Ann Arbor: Edwards Bros., Inc., 1938 (79 pp.). This can be had for \$1.00 by writing directly to the collector, Mr. L. L. McDowell, Smithville, Tennessee.

From the tidewater region of North Carolina comes an interesting collection of folksongs by Louis W. Chappell: Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle. Morgantown, W. Va.: The Ballad Press, 1939. It is obtainable from The Ballad Press, Box 777, Morgantown, W. Va. (Cloth, 203 pp., \$3.00.) It contains a representative group of ballads and songs. A large per cent have the music, and the religious songs were transcribed from phonograph records.

H. H.

HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Officers, 1942-43

President and Editor: Herbert Halpert, Dept. of English, Indiana University
Vice-President: Erminie W. Voegelin, Social Science Bldg., Indiana University
Secretary: Mrs. Ross Hickam, 501 E. First St., Bloomington, Indiana
Treasurer: Mrs. Cecelia H. Hendricks, Dept. of English, Indiana University,
Bloomington, Indiana.

The Hoosier Folklore Bulletin is issued by the Society. The Hoosier Folklore Society is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

Joint membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society is available at a special rate of Four dollars a year to Indiana residents and to Indiana schools and libraries. Members receive the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, The Journal of American Folklore, and Memoirs of the American Folklore Society as issued.

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society alone is One dollar a year. This is open to individuals, schools and libraries anywhere in the United States. Members receive the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin.

All memberships are by the calendar year. Make money orders or checks payable to the Hoosier Folklore Society and mail to the Treasurer of the Society.
